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Northern Messenger

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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

Preaching Prohibition by Postcards.

One of the most potent weapons used by the people of the United States in their fight against the saloon is the picture post-card. Vivid cartoons sent into the homes of the people by its means have told their story more clearly than mere words could. No one can miss the meaning, and even the children can see and understand such a picture as this which shows the saloon as a 'vice' squeezing from the workingman's pockets the hard-earned money that should be spent in food and clothing, home and education.

--Drawn by May for the Patriotic Postcard Co., Saginaw, Mich.

A Modern Miracle.

In a Connecticut hill town village a farmer, with his wife and twelve children, lived somewhat remote from the community centre. His work was more as a teamster and in the woods than as a tiller of the soil. The wife in her girlhood had been a church member, but the man himself said, 'No woman could live with me and be a Christian.' The family was rarely represented in church or Sunday School. Drunkenness and profanity were practiced in the home. Of 'native stock' indeed, but the outlook was not cheering.

The Congregational pastor—the only one in the community—has cultivated this hill field for more than thirty years, and regards such families as this his special obligation. He 'believes and does not make haste.' His faith lasts over from year to year. He demonstrates the value of long pastorates. He has increased the membership in spite of a decadent population.

One day this man came to this pastor and told him he had made up his mind that his life had been wrong. At home he called his children around him and confessed the same thing, declaring his determination to live a different life and asking their help and companionship. Practically and with common sense they discussed the matter. The children—seven boys and five girls—were ready to fall in with the father's plan. The wife was not so ready. It dazed her. She confessed that her husband changed so that she had to get acquainted with him every day. Two pews at church were filled regularly. After some months the father, mother and older children united with the church, and as the years have passed, all the children have confessed Christ before men.

In spite of early hours all have gathered morning and evening for worship. It was the father's idea at the beginning that it should be a time for taking bearings for an untried voyage. They confessed their failings. Profanity especially was a besetting sin. They encouraged one another. At the beginning whiskey was dropped, then beer, then cider; and the boys have all agreed to give up tobacco.

The gospel now, no less than in years gone by, is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—'Congregationalist.'

Temperance and Industry.

(The 'Valve World,' Chicago.)

The present widespread movement against the saloon and its influences—so strikingly marked in recent elections in the United States—has a distinct bearing on industry.

This crusade against the saloon is not due to any unusual agitation; it is not following in the wake of a sentimental wave; it is not political in the sense of prohibition.

In the South, where the voting on local option has produced the most surprising results, the movement is largely economical. The whites are willing to favor temperance in order that the negroes may make better workmen.

In other parts of the country economical considerations are joined with a reactionary sentiment against the saloon influence in politics and near the homes of the people. Grown folk wish to give the rising generation better opportunities to become good, intelligent, moral, temperate citizens.

The greatest triumphs of this movement have been non-partizan; they have come directly through the efforts of the people, and among those who have been voting against the saloon and all that the saloon represents, the workmen of the country have played a conspicuous part.

There is a steadily growing sentiment among the body of workmen that the man who toils does not really 'need his beer.'

The 'poor man's club'—under which title the saloon has won many a political fight in the past—no longer lures the workman voter as it did. The home is becoming more and more the 'poor man's club;' he is becoming alive to the evil influences of the saloon upon his children, and in the interests of the home, of his children, and of society at large, he takes advantage of Local Option laws to cast his ballot against the saloon.

Can it be doubted that such an attitude, persistently maintained, eventually will benefit industry as it cannot fail to benefit society? Other things being equal, the temperate workman is infinitely the superior of his intemperate fellow.

Religious News.

A revised edition of the Kafir Bible has just been completed in South Africa. The Presbyterian Synod of Kaffraria at its recent session recorded its appreciation of the work of the revision committee which it declares is 'the fruit and unsparing labor of men who brought to their task the gifts of accurate scholarship and thorough and living knowledge of the language and have placed the Kafir-speaking people and Christian workers under an undying debt of gratitude.'

A graded course of lessons covering the entire range of the Sunday School, will be proposed for adoption at the International Sunday School Convention in Louisville, Ky., June 18-23. The Executive Committee will recommend the adoption of the 'findings' of the 'Boston Conference' held in Boston, January 2-3, 1908, when sixty prominent Sunday School leaders, representing twelve of the largest denominations and more than one half the entire Sunday School enrollment of North America, unanimously agreed that 'the system of a general lesson for the whole school, which has been in successful use for thirty-five years, is still the most practicable and effective system for the great majority of the Sunday Schools of North America,' and recommended 'its continuance and fullest development.' This Conference also recognized the expressed need of a graded system of lessons, and voted to ask the Louisville Convention to instruct the Lesson Committee 'to continue the preparation of a thoroughly graded course.'

If the recommendations are adopted, the Convention will approve the continuance of the present uniform lesson,—the same lesson for the entire school, and also provide for a complete graded course of lessons for such schools as may desire it.

The report of the Lesson Committee and these recommendations will be considered by the Convention, Saturday morning, June 20.

Much interest is taken in missions by the Dutch Royal family. Not only has Queen Wilhelmina given the use of her palace at Kneuterdyk to the Dutch Foreign Mission Society for a great meeting on March 14, but the Queen-Mother and the Prince have shown their keen interest in the work among the sailors at Rotterdam. The Prince has forwarded the British and Foreign Sailors' Society a gift toward building a new Bethel Institute on the southern bank of the Maas. This building is for the use of British, American, and Dutch sailors. The Queen-Mother and the Duchess of Teck honored the society's meeting on March 5, at the Hague, with their presence. To raise funds a Children's Guild has been inaugurated. The aim is to induce 50,000 children to contribute one guilder each.

'Add to Your Virtue, Knowledge.'

I presume that Christians pay less attention to this command than to most of the injunctions in the Bible. As a class they do not seem any more eager to get wisdom than any other people, and you know there is nothing so unpopular as learning. People in general acquire just as little as they can get along with, and you often see a man go out of his way to dodge a fact that is coming towards him. Yet it is undoubtedly true, as was said long ago, that 'wisdom is the principal thing we need to make the world go better. Most people most of the time are doing as well as they know. There are more blunders than crimes, and the one is often as bad as the other in its consequences. It is ignorance rather than malice that makes the most trouble in government, in society and in the church. We pray often for the removal of our sins, but not so frequently for the removal of our ignorance. We seem to think if the heart is right the hands and head need no attention. Now, that you should have good intentions is a very important thing to you, but not so important to other people. Your good intentions alone are nothing to us; it is your acts that affect us. We do not care so much what you meant to do, but what you did. The world is not concerned with your motives but with your motions. We are interested in your good or bad motives only when we try to estimate your character, and that, after all, is none of our business.

So it is no excuse at all for a bad act to say you meant it right. It may in part clear you of blame, but it does not remove the consequences of your blunder. Your acts are intended to affect others and you are responsible for the result. It is pure selfishness to view your work from the standpoint of your own justification. You ought to care more for others than about yourself, and therefore consider the consequences of your acts more than your motives.

Since so much stress in preaching is laid on the importance of good intentions, Christians sometimes get the idea that it is of no importance how they are carried out. That is why some Christians are doing so little good in the world. They are converted, but it doesn't do anybody else any good. They are headed toward the New Jerusalem, but they do not know the route. They have been born again, but they remain babies. They have a new heart, but they don't know what to do with it. So it happens that in Christianity there is a great deal more zeal than knowledge. Now, knowledge without zeal is like a ship without an engine—it is useless. Zeal without knowledge is like a ship without a rudder—it is dangerous. Which is the worst God knows. Both bring calamity.—Prof. E. E. Slosson, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.'

When and What to Read.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Selected.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Victoria India Orphan Society.

During the ceremonies at Dhar in Central India, attendant upon the recent installation of the young prince Maharajah of the State, it was especially pleasing to note the high appreciation of the work of the Christian Missionaries which the young prince expressed in his speech from the throne; he stated he had always found them ready to help in any good work, and that it would be his constant aim to follow in the footsteps of his late illustrious father and assist them in any way in his power (in 1897 when the Society commenced its work among the famine orphans, his father, the late Maharajah, presented ten acres of valuable land for the Orphanage); the prince also referred specially to Dr. Mar. O'Hara by name, and she had the unique honor of being invited to be photographed with the State group of dignitaries, her position being next to the young Maharajah, on his right hand. This public recognition of the good work of the missionaries by the ruler of the State, and his definite expressions of goodwill towards them speak well for the future of the Mission, and our Society is particularly fortunate in carrying on its operations under such peculiarly favorable conditions.

The great scarcity of food is gradually telling more and more upon the people, and from our last monthly report from Dhar we learn that more children are being taken into the Orphanage; however, good news has come in the fact that rains had fallen in the north of India, giving hopes of a fair wheat crop, which prospect had caused some reduction in the terribly high prices of all foodstuffs; still the condition was so very serious that the Viceroy had started a General Famine Relief Fund, for which subscriptions both from India and abroad would be thankfully received (when it is possible, it is best to send relief through the missionaries who are on the spot, by which means all that is given reaches the needy, and those cases which require help the most get it). The famine area covers about 150,000 square miles, and fifty millions of people are affected by it. By the middle of March over one and a half millions were receiving State relief, a condition of affairs which we in our highly favored land can hardly imagine, and the distress must continue to increase for some months to come, as there can be no general alleviation of the suffering until September or October.

Our special Industrial Fund has now reached the sum of $1,071.07. By teaching our orphan boys useful trades we shall enable them to earn a decent living when they leave the Orphanage, and meanwhile their work will make them partly self-supporting. We need $3,000 for the purpose of building and furnishing the necessary workshops, and any help towards this Industrial Fund will be thankfully received.

Our lady superintendent, Dr. Mar. O'Hara, paid a visit to Amkhut lately, during which she received no less than forty letters from the girls in the Orphanage, who were all longing for her return, one of the many evidences of their well-earned, deep affection for her. A number of them have also written to our members expressing their gratitude for all that is being done for them and the great pleasure given to them by the Christmas treat, and their appreciation of the little gifts the Society also provided. The Society's annual membership fee is $1.00, and a child can be maintained in the Orphanage for $18.00 a year, which covers the membership fee.

All subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby St., Winnipeg.

Labrador Supplies—At Once.

Now is the time to forward all barrels, boxes, etc., with clothing, hospital supplies, and all the gifts which you have been preparing during the winter for the Labrador work. Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal, will receive all such contributions for shipment to St. Anthony, Harrington, or any point on the Labrador. Contributors are asked to send all in before the end of May in order that gifts may go promptly forward by the first week in June.

Enclose at the top of every barrel or box a complete list of contents and also forward some such notice in advance to Miss Roddick, that unnecessary unpacking may be avoided. See that the sender's name and address are also clearly stated, both on advance notice and the contribution itself. Don't let your gifts miss the boat.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Hudson Heights, P. Que., $5.00; A Friend, Granville Ferry, N.S., 50 cents; Mrs. S. J. Shanklin, Shanklin, N.B., $2.00; a local church, Brantford, Ont., per the 'Expositor,' $8.00;
Total.. .. ..$ 15.50
Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,630.73

Total received up to April 29.. ..$ 1,646.23

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1908.

Jesus' Death and Burial.

John xix., 28-42. Memory verses 39, 40. Read John xix., 17-42.

Golden Text.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. I. Cor. xv., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 18.—John xviii., 28-40.
Tuesday, May 19.—John xix., 1-16.
Wednesday, May 20.—John xix., 17-42.
Thursday, May 21.—Matt. xxvii., 31-50.
Friday, May 22.—Matt. xxvii., 51-66.
Saturday, May 23.—Isa. liii., 1-12.
Sunday, May 24.—Ps. xxii., 1-24.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me what we were studying about in our last lesson, and some of the people we learnt about in it? We learnt how Judas betrayed Jesus, how all his friends went away and left him, and how Peter declared that he did not even know Jesus, so that when Jesus was being tried he was all alone. Can anyone tell what a trial is? Suppose something is stolen to-day and some man is arrested because the police think he is the thief. He is taken before the judge and there the lawyers and the jury and the judge all try to find out if the man really is guilty and how much he deserves to be punished if he is guilty. But Jesus' trial was not like that; at his trial the people all just tried to see how they could kill him, for they hated him and did not intend to do him justice, so he was condemned to death, to be crucified. Judas betrayed Christ, his disciples all left him, Peter denied him, the Jews determined to crucify him, Pilate, the Roman governor, gave the order, and the Roman soldiers took Jesus away and crucified him. But were all these people the only ones to blame for our dear Saviour's death? Let us look at the golden text and see what it says: 'Christ died for our sins.' Do any of you ever sin? Ah, yes, indeed, we all sin, and so we must remember that whoever sins has a very real share in putting Jesus to death, because it was sin, this world's sin, that made it necessary for Jesus to die, and now while we learn about that strange, sad, day when Jesus died, let us all remember that we have a part in his sorrow and that the great salvation from sin is for each one of us as well as for the people who lived on earth during that time long ago.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The possibility of crowding any real study of this greatest of subjects into anything like half an hour is so unthinkable that the previous home work for the scholars should be more than ever impressed. Again all four of the gospels should be considered, and although the various examinations of Christ before Annas, Caiaphas, the Sanhedrin, Pilate, Herod, and Pilate again, cannot be dwelt upon, they should be briefly reviewed in order to gain a clearer understanding of all the incidents of those terrible twenty-four hours. The last supper on Thursday evening, the long and sorrowful evening with his disciples, the walk to the garden, his lonely agony, the betrayal, rough arrest, desertion, denial, the mockery of justice and nine hours of it in the various trials, the scourging and abuse, all preceded the agony of the crucifixion. There is little wonder that our Lord was too faint to bear his cross upon the road out of the city, and little wonder that the pitiful women (Luke xxiii., 27) wept at his appearance. It was about nine o'clock that the cross bearing our Redeemer was erected and not until some six hours later that the tortured body yielded its spirit into God's hands. Throughout his account John insists on the fulfilment of prophecy as of the utmost importance, and the golden text for the lesson also emphasizes this. How literal the fulfilment was is evidenced by a comparison of such verses as Matt xxvii., 39, 41, 43 with Psalm xxii., 7, 8; of John xix., 28, 29, with Psalm xxii., 15, and lxix., 21; Mark xv., 34 with Psalm xxii., 1. These are only examples; Psalm xxii., 18; Zech. xii., 10; Ex. xii., 46, and that wonderful fifty-third chapter of Isaiah are others. As far as possible these prophecies should be traced and noted.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 28. Jesus knowing that all things are now finished. He who reads the story of Calvary with a sense only of its tragic elements, reads it wrongly; there were also triumphal elements, equally plain and definite. The chief way in which we are able to perceive the triumphant element in the cross, is by remembering how Christ Himself spoke of the cross, and in what spirit He approached it. You will remember two things: first, that Christ spoke of the cross very early in His ministry, and, second, that He always spoke of it as something predetermined. Did He not distinctly declare that He laid down His life, but that no man took it from Him; and do we not find at every point of the unfolding tragedy the reiteration of that phrase so constantly associated with the incident of His infancy—'that it might be fulfilled?' When once we grasp this truth the sense of the merely tragic in Calvary is lost in the sense of the purely triumphant. . . . . This is the joy of the cross. Jesus has not lost His way. He moves steadily to His goal. He is no victim of accident—at every step something was done which was long predicted, something that the will of God made necessary and inevitable.—W. J. Dawson, 'The Reproach of Christ.'

Verse 34. There came out blood and water. St. John alone recounts the incident, and it was evidently wholly inexplicable to him. He could only asseverate solemnly that he had beheld it with his own eyes. Yet it is in no wise incredible; and medical science has confirmed the Evangelist's testimony, and has so explained the phenomenon that it sheds light upon the death of our Lord and reveals somewhat of the anguish of His Passion. Jesus died literally of a broken heart—of 'agony of mind, producing rupture of the heart.' His heart swelled with grief until it burst, and then the blood was 'effused into the distended sac of the pericardium, and afterwards separated, as is usual with extravasated blood, into these two parts, red clot and watery serum.'—David Smith, 'The Days of His Flesh.'

A student went to a professor of theology, and asked him how long it took him to understand the Atonement. The professor thought a minute, then looked him in the face. 'Eternity,' he said, 'eternity; and I won't understand it then.'

We are dealing with facts; we need not be distressed if we do not understand them. God's love—how could we? God's forgiveness—how could we?—Henry Drummond, in 'The Ideal Life.'

Can anything be sadder than work left unfinished? Yes, work never begun.—Christina Rossetti.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Ah, there is the terrible consummate testimony of what sin is. We come to the profoundest knowledge and the profoundest hatred of it when we come to this, that it crucified the Son of God with wicked men, it made Jesus the sharer of our human woe.'—Phillips Brooks.

'He who exclaimed, "I thirst," was the same who had made the sea and the dry land. All streams and fountains, all wells and waterbrooks, and the rivers that run among the hills, all were his. He thirsts that we may not thirst, that we may receive from him that gift of the water of life which shall cause us never to thirst any more.'—'Trench.'

'Only when all else had been attended to ("Knowing that all things are finished") was Christ free to attend to his own physical sensations. They filled a sponge, because a cup was impracticable, and put it around a stalk of hyssop, and thus applied the restorative to his mouth. The plant called "hyssop" has not been identified. All that was requisite was a reed two or three feet long, as the crucified was only slightly elevated.' 'Expos. Greek Test.' 'He had refused the stupefying draught, which would have clouded his faculties; he accepts what will revive them for the effort of a willing surrender of his life.'—'Cambridge Bible.'

Who gave burial to the body of Jesus? Joseph of Arimathaea,—probably the modern hill-village of Beit-Rima, thirteen miles east-northeast of Lydda. He was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, 'a rich man' (Matthew), 'a good man and a righteous' (Luke), 'who was looking for the kingdom of God' (Luke) which Jesus had preached, and 'a councillor of honorable estate' (Mark), that is, a member of the sanhedrin, who had 'not consented' (Luke) to the verdict of the sanhedrin condemning Jesus. He went 'boldly' (Mark) to Pilate, and asked for the body of Jesus. 'He is no longer a secret disciple. The cross transfigures cowards into heroes.'—'Cambridge Bible.' 'It was no light matter Joseph had undertaken: for to take part in a burial, at any time, would defile him for seven days, and make everything unclean which he touched (Num. xix., 11; Hag. ii., 13); and to do so now involved his seclusion through the whole Passover week, with all its holy observances and rejoicings.'—'Geikie.' Joseph, however, did not flinch, but even used for burial 'his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock' (Matthew).

Who aided Joseph in this loving task? Another member of the sanhedrin, Nicodemus, which at the first (John iii.) came to Jesus by night. Once he had ventured cautiously to interpose in Jesus' behalf when an attempt was made to seize him (John vii., 44-52). Now he saw 'a last opportunity for service, and a bitter consolation for having failed where he might have done much.'—R. C. Gillie. He also was a rich man, and he brought 100 Roman pounds (1,200 ounces) of myrrh-resin and pounded aloe-wood, aromatic and preservative substances used by the Jews in wrapping up the dead. Mary the mother of Jesus and Mary Magdalene were of the little party that performed the last sad services.

Bible References.

Matt. xxvii., 31-61; Mark xv., 20-47; Luke xxiii., 26-56; John i., 29; iii., 14-16; xii., 32; Rev. v., 12; II. Tim. iv., 7, 8; Gal. ii., 20; v., 24; vi., 14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 24.—Topic—Being a Christian. III. At the ballot-box. Ps. xxviii., 1-9.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 18.—The Sabbath is a sign. Ezek. xx., 12.
Tuesday, May 19.—Hallow the Sabbath. Ezek. xliv., 24.
Wednesday, May 20.—Teaching on the Sabbath. Luke xiii., 10.
Thursday, May 21.—Healing the sick. Luke xiv., 1-6.
Friday, May 22.—In the synagogue. Matt. xii., 9-13.
Saturday, May 23.—The Lord of the Sabbath. Mark ii., 28.
Sunday, May 24.—Topic—What Jesus did on the Sabbath. Luke iv., 16-22.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

F. G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy 10 years old and I live on a farm with my mother and brother. There is a large river running through our farm, making a pretty interval. In the spring we make maple sugar. Our horses names are Doll and Dexter. Doll is twenty-two years old. I go to school and have a mile and a half to walk.

BASIL COLPITTS.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never before written to the 'Messenger,' but will write a few lines now. We get it in our Sunday School and I like it very much. I will be thirteen years old my next birthday. My father is section foreman here. I have two sisters, but no brothers. I take a music lesson every Monday and we have a Literary Society meeting here every week.

MAGGIE COLTER.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school pretty nearly every day. I am in the eighth class at school. My father is a farmer and my oldest brother is a storekeeper. I have three brothers and four sisters. I have a little fox-terrior and two horses. I will close with a riddle: What is the difference between the death of a sculptor and the death of a hair-dresser?

IVA J. CURTIS.

L., Wash.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, four miles from the store. When we go to the store we go on the train. I am nine years old and have three brothers and four sisters. I go to Sunday School and to church. We go on the train to church and sometimes we walk.

GRACE MANLOW.

U., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school now and am in the fourth class. I had to be home all last fall to drive the horses while skidding logs. I am very fond of all animals. We have four horses, quite a number of cattle and sheep, and I feed them most of the time.

ERNEST BUNN.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Uncle gave me a drawing slate for a New Year's present, and it is very large and nice. At Christmas I got new clothes for my doll, which has brown hair and dark eyes. She also got a brown velvet hat with a bright buckle in front. I have a post-card album and quite a number of cards in it. I will close with a riddle:—I have one, you have one; and the tiniest blade of grass has one. What is it?

MAUD CAMERON.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm with my grandpa and grandma. I go to school, where I am in the fourth grade. I have two sisters younger than myself. I have an aunt in Winnipeg, and my papa is in Wyoming. I guess I will stop for this time.

ARTHUR M. JOHNSON.

W., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' which I have taken for two years. My papa has been dead for five years. My oldest sister is married and my sister Pearl is visiting her. My other sister, Myrtle, and I are staying at home with mamma. I am a great lover of reading. I got a Bible from my Sunday School teacher at Christmas.

RUBIA CRAIG.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'General Wolfe.' Raymond Jarrett (age 12), H., Ont.
2. 'A Pad-lock.' J. C. Buchanan (age 12), O., Man.
3. 'Going from the Opera.' Erle Wightman (age 8), Toronto.
4. 'Red Riding Hood.' Lillian Stewart, H., P. Que.
5. 'Tumbler.' Maizia Ford (age 11), P., Que.
6. 'The Marvel of the Daisies.' Edna Krauter, H., Ont.
7. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Harold Sears (age 13), W. L., Alta.
8. 'A Duck.' G. D., S. M., N.S.
9. 'A Bowl and Saucer.' Bessie McCullum (age 7), C. P., Ont.
10. 'Chair.' Astlay Campbell (age 4), G. B., N.S.
11. 'Chinese Lanterns.' Annie May Albright (age 11), B., Ont.
12. 'In the Farm Yard.' George Crothers (age 11), M., P. Que.
13. 'A Beaver.' Walter Stewart, S. P., C. B.
14. 'Going for a Ride.' Mary Close (age 14), S., Man.
15. 'A House.' Elsie Banting, M., Ont.
16. 'A Schoolhouse.' H. R. L., Boissevain, Man.

OTHER LETTERS.

Edna Krauter, H., Ont., says 'We boiled a lot of maple syrup and I am almost sick of taffy.'

Winnie R. Rix, L. R., P.E.I., has five brothers and five sisters.

Some busy little correspondents are May McGregor, B., Ont., and Flora Lawson, S. D., Ont. May says, 'I have two brothers and one sister. We do mostly all the work for father.' Flora says, 'I do the milking at home, as there is no one else to do it. Some chums of Flora's who also wrote are Bessie Stewart and Percie Kramp. Riddles sent in these letters have been asked before.

Hazel Johnston, L., N.B., is a little six-year-old. 'I have dandy fun in the winter, as we have lots of snow here.'

Cecil Gordon Young, C., Ont., says, 'I like my horse very much and make quite a pet of her. I think I shall draw her picture and send it soon.

Daniel McQuarrie, M. H., N.S., has an uncle just home from the Klondike. 'He has been away twenty-one years and tells us many interesting stories.'

Minnie Laird, C., P.E.I., says 'My father and his brother own a lobster factory. They put out their traps the 20th of April.'

Margaret Gordon, P. C., Ont., had nine chickies out all ready for Easter. She asks, 'What is that which we eat and we drink, and it's sometimes a man and sometimes a woman?'

Maggie Aldcom, S. P., Ont., writes, 'We have two little calves and seven little lambs.'

Frank Hackett, B., Ont., has been visiting at his uncle Will's. Did you have a good time, Frank?

Elva Taylor, L. N., N.B., asks, 'What animal would you like to be on a cold day?

Harold M. Lefurgey, N.B., P.E.I., has a dog named Crusoe. 'He will shake hands and do some other tricks.'

Lula M. Dymond, N. P., P. Que., lives 'between two Pinnacles, one large and one small, and in the summer time the scenery is very pretty.'

Grant McA. Fowler, L. R., N.S., is a small engineer. 'I had a dam across the road from our house last summer, and I had a little water-wheel.'

David Airrie, B., Nfld., says, 'We have a horse named Jim. He is very quiet and I can take my sisters for a drive when papa allows me.'

Clinton McArthur, E., Alta., asks a long riddle which we will try to publish later. Your other has been asked before, Clinton.

Mildred McKee, M., Man., has two invalid brothers, Clifford and Ernest. We hope that Clifford's strip did do him good, Mildred.

Beatrice and Harvey Wallace, nine and seven years old, write from E., Sask. Each wrote their letters themselves. Harvey says, 'I have a pony to ride to school on.' Has Beatrice got one also?

Freda M. R. Morash, O., N.S., is a newcomer to our circle. She says, 'We all have the whooping cough.' Dear dear. What a good job summer's so near.

We also received little letters from Olive J. Bickell, B., Ont., and Sadie Lewis, F., P. E.I., other newcomers we are glad to welcome; from Clara Shaw, H., N.S.; Wallace Casson, G. R., Man.; Katherine F. Dow, S. M., N.S.; Lillian Richmond, N., Ont.; [illegible] Crothers, M., P. Que., and Werle Jarrett, H., Ont. Riddles given in these have been either given before or sent without answers.

MAY NUMBER

Canadian Pictorial

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BOYS AND GIRLS

I Wouldn't be Cross.

I woudn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly, whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band.
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no;
To the pilgrims we meet on the life-path we owe
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I woudn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

—'Christian Globe.'

'A Happy Home, Young Folks!'

(By Caroline Atwater Mason, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The matter of happiness. The world is waking up to the fact that happiness is the health of the human spirit, and not to be confounded with the noisy excitement of outward diversion and pleasure. Not so long ago there was a certain prejudice in the minds of many good people in favor of a sombre and serious tone in the conduct of life, a spirit of recollection at all times that life is but a winter's day, a journey toward the tomb. Then came Stevenson, that apostle of the joyous life, and blew his clarion call in poetry such as this:

'If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;

. . . . . .

Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.'

And in prayers possessed of an accent strange and new, like this:

'Give us courage and gayety and the quiet mind. . . . Help us to play the man; help us to perform (our tasks) with laughter and kind faces. . . . Give us to awake with smiles; give us to labor smiling. . . . Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation.' And in plain prose teaching after the following fashion:

'There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good, myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.' 'A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.' 'Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind.'

I quote thus at length from Stevenson, not because a fresh perception of happiness as a duty, like health, was his alone, but because he expresses the new attitude of mind with extraordinary grace and spirit. One phrase of his, at least, is worthy of immortal life, 'my great task of happiness.' Have we thought of happiness on this wise, or have we felt that our happiness was not a spiritual achievement of our own, but an elusive and transient experience, conditioned on money, weather, fun, flattery, the favor of other people, and personal success of some sort? In other words, has happiness been in our thought an external blessing given fitfully to the few and fortunate, or has it been the religious duty of every child of God?

The latter is surely the true conception and one on which we do well to think clearly. Perhaps at first it might be thought that young people have little need of this gospel of happiness, but according to my own experience and observation of human nature they need it more than all others. And for this reason: the right conception of happiness is absolutely at war without quarter with every species of morbidness, and the period in life when we are most apt to fall a prey to morbidness is youth.

Well do I remember the time before I was sixteen when I used to tell my beads, inwardly, to the rhythm of these lines:

'The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

. . . . . .

'My life is cold and dark and dreary.'

etc., and how completely adequate and satisfying they seemed to me. I had no conceivable cause for dreariness, and my simple, childish heart was in reality set only upon simple and childish joys; but the mysterious melancholy of adolescence had infected me; and I yielded to a romantic fascination which seemed to dwell in moods of inscrutable gloom. The years that bring the philosophic mind, and with it real sorrows and heavy cares, dispel this dreamy fog of imagined depression in which youth and maiden gladly dwell; consequently we seldom meet busy middle-aged folk who are given to moods and the languors of an indefinable woe.

And so I would gladly counsel my young friends in the matter of home happiness; for with you rests not only the happiness of yourself, but that of those who love you.

You wake some morning with a sense of vague depression; perhaps it is wholly fictitious; perhaps it is a reflex of some small social slight or personal failure of yesterday. As you dress, the mood declares itself more definitely, and you decide that you are 'blue' to-day, and blue you must be permitted to be. No 'glorious morning face' for you! The family must treat you with the respect due to the subtle superiority which melancholy claims for itself. Your conversation shall be confined to languid monosyllables; you shall hasten from the breakfast-table to your room to be alone, and 'revel in your woe.'

Meanwhile, your father, unable to call a smile to your face by any pleasantry, starts for the office with a vague weight on his heart and a sigh because he is unable to give his children all they need to make them happy; your mother, worried and alarmed, is sure you look pale, and must be overtaxed in some way. Your sisters and brothers, by the freemasonry of youth, in all probability 'see through' you pretty clearly, and scoff at your temper, as they may unfeelingly call it. However, the family sum of happiness for the day is materially reduced, and no one goes about his or her daily round with just the buoyant good cheer which is needed to carry him or her through its drudgery.

You, however, have had the luxury of indulging your passing sensation of more or less causeless depression. This, the net result of the morning's doing and being, must be admitted to be on the minus, not on the plus, side of your spiritual book-keeping.

Now suppose that, when you awoke to that sense of melancholy, you had regarded it in the light of a faintly-grumbling toothache, of which you were in no degree pleased or proud to be the possessor, and the existence of which, for certain reasons not altogether unconnected, as Dickens would say, with the dentist's chair, you decidedly preferred to keep to yourself. Suppose that with this attitude of mind you had looked up your very best 'morning face,' and put it on, and made your entry into the breakfast-room as if you were on the very crest of the wave of good spirits, and were largely responsible for keeping the spirits of the family up to par. I venture to say that before breakfast was over your cheerfulness would have become real; if it had not, at least your moral muscle would have been essentially strengthened by good, honest, healthy exercise. There is a world of wisdom in the counsel of Hamlet, 'Assume a virtue if you have it not.'

The essential test of good breeding and right-heartedness lies in one's manners at home rather than abroad, the courteous consideration of one's parents rather than of strangers, however distinguished or important. It is not enough that you love your parents; it is necessary to show it by the gentleness, the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, of your treatment of them in every-day intercourse.

I have known young men whose manners abroad were of courtly grace, who at home were churlish and brusque; and I can never be convinced that they are truly gentlemen. I have known others who treat their women folk at home with the graceful, deferential chivalry which would be sufficient for the greatest lady in the land; and I can assure my readers they are the most adored and admired of men, and rightfully so.

Now perhaps you are not yet a gentleman through and through; all mankind, we must admit, is 'in the making,' and a gentleman is the very flower and consummation of mankind. Perhaps you admit that you snub your sisters, treat your brothers with brutal frankness, and regard your mother and father as narrow, well-meaning people whose opinions and preferences can have little weight with one of your liberal caliber and broad outlook. Perhaps, to put it in two words, you are a college sophomore. My message to you is in the nature of a confidence; your friends are hoping, if against hope, that something better is for you by and by. They are trying hard to be patient until the evolution of a gentleman is effected. Hurry up a little if you can!

I have come now to the last and the greatest matter for you in your contribution to home and happiness, and that is your temper; is it good or bad?

The phrase 'bad temper' has often been restricted to passionate outbursts of anger; by bad temper I mean something far broader; namely, the disposition toward jealousy, suspicion, malice, and all unkindness expressing itself in violent action or language sometimes, but rarely, more often in nagging, wounding insinuation, in sharp thrust and bitter reflection, in sullen, gloomy, often cruel silence. O my friend, the pity of it!

Surely Drummond uses language not overstrong when he writes of this 'sin against love':

'For embittering life, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer, gratuitous misery-producing power, evil temper stands alone.'

Do not tell me that the ill-tempered person loves just as much as the good-tempered one. It is not so, for love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Ill temper is essentially lack of love. In so far as you treat those around you with unkindness in any form whatsoever, in so far you betray the poverty and insufficiency of your love.

Never for one little hour delude yourself with the idea that this is a minor matter in morals, not to be classed by any means with dishonesty, dissipation, or other vices. Put it frankly with the great sins, and as a sin which has its seat and source in the inferno of our natures. The indulgence of it is one of the grossest forms of spiritual robbery, for its sure and only function is to rob the home of its happiness, and to violate the sanctities of brotherhood and sisterhood, and all other sacred ties. The control of it brings you swiftly and surely to your knees, for only the grace of God is sufficient for the casting out of this evil spirit. Love, and love divine alone, can sweeten the source and spring of our inner life, and so sweeten the streams which flow outward.

Ministry by Words.

(By Frank P. Britt, in the 'Advocate.')

Set good thoughts a-going:
Give them wings of Love.
There is no way of knowing
All the power thereof.
Wondrous in fruition,
Mighty in their way,
Theirs is blessed mission
Till the Judgment Day.

Set good thoughts a-going:
Speed them forth with prayer,
Cheer on hearts bestowing
Dark the sky or fair:
Theirs sad homes to brighten,
Quiet care's loud din,
Sorrow's burdens lighten,
Souls from bondage win.

Set good thoughts a-going,
Back of them strong faith,
Love for lost ones showing,
As the Scripture saith.
Fraught with precious story,
When, good friend and true,
You have come to Glory,
They will follow you.

The Man at the Front.

Beyond a doubt it had been a great convention. The religious papers had been full of it, and even the daily papers had contained columns about it, with condensed reports of the more striking utterances of the leading speakers. There had been photographs of the leaders, and these had found their way into the press, with noted names underneath.

The speakers had considered grave problems, they had laid deep plans. There had been discussion of conditions at home and abroad. Great men had participated from America and from lands beyond the sea. It was over at last, and the outgoing trains were filled with clergymen and lay delegates, who crowded the sleeping-cars to overflowing.

Two noted men found themselves in the same car. They were both tired enough, but neither was able to sleep, and so for a long time they sat and talked.

They had much to talk about, for both had been prominent in the meetings. Their names had appeared on the programmes, with titles before and capital letters following. They had been in evidence in the discussions, sometimes on the same side, and sometimes opposed. They were glad of some things and regretted others. So their minds were full; and in time the conversation turned to a discussion of the man who most of all had shown himself a great man during the meetings.

'There is one man about whom I have been thinking a good deal,' said one of these two men. 'Do you remember Brinkerhoff?'

'I remember a man of that name who was in the class below me in theology. He went into home mission work, I think. I don't remember any one else of that name.'

'That's the man. He has remained in that work. I had a talk with him, and it impressed me as few things did at the convention.'

'You surprise me. He was a good fellow, as I recall him, but I never have thought of him as a great man.'

'Well, he is. He has spent these fifteen years in a little obscure field up in the upper peninsula of Michigan. His church has thirty-two members. His field is approximately seven miles square. His salary is four hundred dollars a year, and he has a little farm.

'He asked a little help for his people in the improvement of their church building, for they are poor and few. And I was so busy I tried to put him off. But something in his way of putting things took hold of me, and I took him to luncheon; and he told me about it.

'He rides over that diocese of his in all weathers, carrying comfort and light to those scattered homes. Besides his little church, he has a half-dozen schoolhouses where he preaches.

'He has sent a dozen young people to college, and two young men into the ministry.

'He has driven out saloons, and improved the schools, and exalted the ideals of that territory. He has simply leavened that district, and made it a bright spot on the map.

'I got so interested in hearing him tell of it that I was late at the afternoon session, and missed the address I had wanted most to hear, but I counted myself well repaid.

'Every minute I found in my heart a new sense of admiration for the man, and a new measure of success and greatness.

'That man has never "risen" in the ministry. He never will rise; and I don't know but that it will be because he is already so far above the rest of us.

'It is no cant but solemn conviction when I say that of all the men I met at the convention, Brinkerhoff stands out in my mind as the man who is doing the greatest work.' 'Youth's Companion.'

Flags for every boy who reads this page! Do you want one? Would you do a little work for one? or get your chums to join you in securing one for your school? Write at once to our Flag Department and let us tell you all about it.

Stilts.

Was there ever a boy who some time or other did not get the stilt fever and do wonderful things in the way of long steps and races on a home-made pair of stilts? What fun it is to stride along, and how surely one thinks of the seven leagued boots and imagines oneself striding over rivers and oceans as one does over the little streams and pools of water the rain has left. How surely, sooner or later, a sideways step and a stagger to recover one's balance strains the nails and off comes the block of wood and down one goes, only to hunt for hammer or stone and rise superior to such accidents as this.

Away over in Southwestern France both men and women use stilts, much higher ones than you boys generally use. They go quickly over bog and heath, carrying with them a long stick which serves the double purpose of a balancing pole and a seat. Resting against this pole the women will placidly knit high up in the air while their flocks are feeding quietly around them.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

'Jes' So.

'There's ladies that's ladies, and there's ladies that ain't ladies,' an observant cook of two years' service was recently overheard in a certain household explaining to a new maid. 'The missus,' she added, 'is a lady that is. Her voice sounds just the same when she's praising your pies as it does when she wants to know how you come to knock the handle off a pitcher.'

It was by no means a bad standard of ladyhood, and curiously like the test of a gentleman which readers of the recent 'Life of Edwin Lawrence Godkin' may remember that he successfully passed, in the estimation of a Cambridge letter-carrier, who expressed his opinion to Mr. Godkin's friend, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

'Why, sir,' said he, 'Mr. Godkin was jes' so every time. You see, when I was a boy there was an old gentleman who lived near Char'es Summer. He was white-haired. He used to take me with him in his gig sometimes to hold his horse, and he told me, says He, "You can always tell a real gentleman by his bein'

jes' so every time." And I've found he was about right, and I don't think I ever met a man who was more jes' so every time than Mr. Godkin.'

When this compliment was reported to the scholarly editor who was the subject of it, he aptly capped it with a quotation from Froissart, that ancient chronicler who was deemed an excellent judge of what makes the gentleman in the knightly days of old:

'A gentleman is always a gentleman, and shows himself always such, in need and in danger.'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Lesson for Life.

(Louise Manning Hodgins, in the 'Wellspring.')

John Halstead was a fellow of seventeen when he went into his father's wholesale drug store. At first, he was given all sorts of odd jobs more or less dull and uninteresting. But one day he heard his father say to his partner, 'What would you think of sending John into the country to collect our outstanding bills?'

John was delighted. It meant a horse and buggy to manage as he chose for a week, the putting up independently at rural inns and calling for a score like a man, and, best of all, release from the confines of the warehouse for a whole week.

He was not long in making his preparations when it was decided to try him, and no warrior ever buckled on sword with more pride than he his father's old money belt that had to be taken in several inches to accommodate his slighter person. Had it been fitted to his feelings, it would have been spliced.

All went merrily for three days and nights. A growing sense of importance to the king's realm was experienced every time he ordered his horse put up, or signed the firm's name to a receipt. But the fourth day he had been belated at several points, and at seven in the evening, in a drizzling fog, made a wrong turn, and after driving a mile or two found the road narrowing to a mere track that seemed to promise no end. Finally he stopped, hitched his horse to a tree, and walked ahead to see if he were getting where turning would be as impossible as passing another team had already become.

After about three minutes' walk he found, to his relief, that there was a light ahead. He pushed on, soon to come to a small house hardly better than a hovel. He could dimly make out, too, a cornfield and a potato patch.

A knock at the door brought to it father, mother and three children, who greeted him as if he were one of their kin.

'Certain, certain, stranger, we can put you up as well as not,' was the cordial response to his inquiry for shelter for the night, and the largest boy was bidden to go and fetch the team.

'We are poor folk, but we know how to share,' said the simple, calico clad hostess, as she set before him a plate of cold corn bread, some rashers of pork, and the poorest tea he had ever tasted.

John was dead tired, and immediately after supper, in response to his hesitant request for a place to sleep, for such space began to look uncertain, he was told he could have the loft to himself, and the children would be otherwise provided for—a provision that he afterwards found was in the stable with his horse. A ladder was placed at a hole in the ceiling, a short candle given him, and he soon found himself on a hay bed with a hay-filled pillow, and for a coverlet an old cotton quilt. He blew out his candle, and suddenly, for the first time in his trip, felt miles from home. He wished he had looked about him a little more carefully before lying down, that the candle had been accompanied by a match, that there was a window somewhere. He buckled his belt, which now held more than a thousand dollars, more tightly about his waist, when suddenly he heard what seemed an ominous sound. It was as if some one was sharpening a knife. This he heard, 'That will do; we must not make too much noise.' His imagination began to be lively. A few minutes after occurred a sound as of something falling to the floor with a suppressed thud, followed by a low voice scarcely above a whisper. What if he had been welcomed so cordially only to become the victim of thieves? Why should anybody be living on such an out-of-the-way road if not to beguile travellers like himself to their death? The perspiration stood on his forehead; he wanted to shriek, but his tongue was stiff.

Finally he collected himself sufficiently to resolve on a course of conduct. He would crawl noiselessly to the loft opening and listen; if his fears were well grounded, he would dart down the ladder and make a dash for freedom into the woods or anywhere for safety of life and limb. He would return for his horse next day, accompanied by the police. And still the voice went on huskily and with a sort of entreaty in the tone. He thought, 'Now his wife is trying to dissuade him from robbing me.' By a slow, vermicular process he finally reached the edge of the square hole where he had made his entrance to his prison. He bent his head to listen—and this is what he heard:

'And, O Lord, bless this poor, benighted traveller, that Thy providence has sent under our roof. Give him refreshing sleep, and take him on his way in safety.'

He waited to hear no more. In the dark, his face, pale with fear, turned red with shame, and no boy in the Dominion of Canada went more quickly to sleep, with a more comfortable sense of the united protection of God and man, than he, that night.

Next morning he learned that these people were Wesleyan emigrants delayed on their way further west by the long illness and death of a little daughter, and now tarrying over until another season. It was with difficulty that he could press on his host any remuneration for his night's lodging, but no money could pay for the sense of heaven's protection that he has carried from that day to this, as the result of this little experience in the banishment of unwarranted fears.

Some Things all Boys and Girls Should Know.

Over and over again lives are lost for lack of just the knowledge which is given in this Bulletin, sent out by the Publicity Board of the United States Volunteer Life-saving Board, and every now and then we hear of boys losing their heads and running home for help, when the delay of a few minutes means death to their friend.

Now, to begin with, every boy and girl who can find a pond or stream big enough to get into should learn to swim, and every one who can or cannot swim should be able to do what is necessary to save those who have become unconscious in the water. Once you can swim there is no jollier game than that of practicing saving your friends. Let all go to the shore or boat but one, and at a given signal let him sit down on the bottom and stay as long as he can, while the others dive to hunt for him. Carry it farther, and, bringing him in, roll him and follow the directions given for artificial breathing until you would be able to do it without thinking. We have seen no jollier crowd than one big family of brothers and sisters who played this game day after day, taking turns in disappearing under water and diving to the rescue from a float made of old boards, and they began it with no idea that it was anything but play.

Read every word of this Bulletin, and then practice it on some one:

First—Do not go out in any pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life-saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

Second—With a party, be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly so with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in mid-stream, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to change seats, or to rock the boat for fun. This, by rollicking young people, has upturned many a boat and lost very many lives every year. Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamer never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, and keep cool until the rocking danger is past. If overturned, a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arm, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing, or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life, or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him help, may at least keep him afloat till help comes.

Third—In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the hair or the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow them into the shore. If unconscious, do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once; first get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold them over your knee, head down, and jolt the water out, then turn them over side to side four or five times, then on the back, and with a pump movement keep their arms going from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back fourteen or sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. A bellows movement pressure on the stomach at the same time is a great aid if you have help. Of course, you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothes. Let someone at once remove shoes and stockings, and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement from foot to knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines our volunteer life-savers have been successful after two hours of incessant manipulation, but are generally successful inside of thirty minutes. Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils, or a feather tickling in the throat, often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the above mechanical means. Use no spirits internally. After breathing and circulation are restored then hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first importance.

Living—Life.

(By Arthur B. Rhinow, in the 'S. S. Times.')

'The world owes me a living,'
He argued languidly,
As he laughed and loitered through the years
In gay frivolity.

But when he learned to know the world,
With sin and sorrow rife,
And learned to speak His name, he cried:
'I owe the world a life.'

Remarkable Bargains.

It often happens that a big store overstocks on certain lines, and what remains may have to be sacrificed to make room for other goods ordered to arrive on a given date. The goods that must in consequence be sacrificed in Clearance Sales through the Mail Order Department, may still be exposed at the regular rate on the big store's own counters—thus a decided advantage is shown to shoppers by mail. Moreover, shoppers by mail get the direct attention of departmental managers and often get better service than if they went into the store itself, where there is so much crowding at the counters that the sales clerks have to divide their attention between several customers at one time. Moreover, these big stores do an enormous and ever increasing amount of business through the post office, where distance counts for nothing. No more stamps are required for sending a package to the Pacific Coast than from Toronto to Hamilton. Or it may be that the parcel, too large for the post, must be sent by express. But doubtless these great stores get specially low express rates on account of the enormous numbers of packages they have to send.

Some splendid bargains are being offered from week to week in this paper by one of the finest stores to deal with on the continent. This week they are offering another set of genuine bargains. If it is true that money saved in purchasing goods is money made, these great Clearance Sales by the big stores are money making opportunities.

The advertisers will always be best pleased if you refer to having seen the advertisement in the 'Northern Messenger.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Archie's Dreadful Threat.

(By Carolyn Wheaton.)

Hildred was a pretty little girl, with big, dark eyes and a sweet, rosy mouth. The mouth was usually smiling, except when Cousin Archie was around. Cousin Archie lived next door. He was three years older than Hildred, so he always took the lead. When he commanded, she generally obeyed; but not always at first. Sometimes he had to threaten dire things before she would yield, for Hildred was no meek little slave. It was when they were playing 'fire,' with Archie as fireman in charge of his new toy engine and hook-and-ladder waggon, and Hildred as each of the rescued family in turn, that the trouble began. Archie insisted that his cousin, now acting the part of a feeble grandmother, should jump from the top of the henhouse into the arms of the strong young fireman, otherwise himself; but Hildred, looking down from her high perch, was afraid, and refused to leap. 'A grandmother wouldn't do it.' She insisted; 'she'd be too old.'

'Huh!' he sneered, 'it's just because you're scared! There's nothing to be afraid of! Jump, I say!'

'Get a chair, and I'll play it's a ladder,' she said.

'Jump this minute!' he screamed. 'The fire's right back of you! There, it's caught your dress!' Hildred glanced back, half expecting to see angry flames about to envelop her; but only the old apple tree was there. 'If you don't come, I'll pull every black hair out of your head, so there!'

Hildred stared down at him in terror. This was by far the very awfulest threat he ever had made. Pull all her hair out—the beautiful curls that mother brushed so smooth every day! What should she do? She couldn't jump; she didn't dare. 'You are a naughty boy!' she said, tearfully. 'I won't play with you! I'm going in the house!'

But Archie proceeded to the foot of the apple tree and repeated his threat. Hildred was thoroughly frightened. What if she should have to stay up there all day! Just then there was a call of, 'Archie, Archie!' from the boy's mother, and Hildred, sobbing softly, slipped down the tree in frantic haste and ran into the house. 'What is the matter?' asked mother.

'Archie—wanted me—to jump from the henhouse, and—I was—afraid, and he said—if I didn't—he'd—pull every black hair—out of my head!'

'My poor little girl,' mother said soothingly, stroking the soft curls. Archie should not have frightened you so; but I think, dear, he must have been only teasing. Come over to the mirror and see how many black hairs you can find for him to pull out!'

There was a twinkle in mother's eyes that Hildred couldn't understand. Then she looked in the glass, and saw—a little girl with curls as yellow as the sunshine!—Selected.

'HE MUST HAVE BEEN ONLY TEASING.'

Best of All.

(By Minna Leona Lupton, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.'

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little book,
In passing you hardly would give it one look.
But the children all loved it, 'Because,' they all cried,
' 'Tis full of nice stories—'tis lovely inside!'

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little girl,
Her nose was a failure, her hair wouldn't curl;
But the children all loved her, 'Because,' they all cried,
'She's so kind and so bright and so lovely inside!'

When Tommy got Home.

(Hilda Richmond.)

Perhaps if mamma had been at home Tommy never would have taken it into his little head to run away, but she was at grandma's, and Aunt Lucy didn't seem to understand little boys very well. At least Tommy thought so, when she would not let him run out in the wet grass to play. He sat on the walk a little while thinking how mean people were, and all at once he decided it would be great fun to run away. Rex had not been as nice as usual that morning, and papa had gone to the office before Tommy got up, and Mary was cross when he upset a bucket of water on her clean floor, so altogether Tommy had had a discouraging morning.

'I guess they'll be awful sorry when they find out I'm never coming back,' said Tommy, pausing for a last look at the gate. 'I s'pose Mary'll wish for somebody to eat up her cooky men when she gets through baking, but she won't have me.'

'Where are you going, sonny?' asked a kind old lady, looking sharply at the small boy as he trudged through the wet grass instead of walking on the flag stones. 'Aren't you Tommy Baldwin?'

With that Tommy ran away as fast as he could, for he didn't want any one to tell Aunt Lucy where he was. He was quite out of breath when he found a street that did not look familiar, and then he sat down to rest a little while. 'Are you lost, boy?' asked a policeman, finding him there a few minutes later. 'If you don't know the way home I'll take you.'

'I'm not lost,' said Tommy, getting upon his tired feet. 'I'm out on business.'

'Well,' said the big man with a twinkle in his eyes, 'you are the first boy I ever met who had business to attend to at dinner time out on the street.'

Dinner! Tommy felt himself growing very hungry at the word, but he would not say a word to the big police-

man. He strolled down the street, and presently he thought he could not stand it a minute longer. There were tears in his eyes when he asked a busy man where to find Clinton street, and when the busy man only took time to say, 'It's on the east side,' and hurried away, the poor boy cried in good earnest.

'I knew you were lost,' said the big policeman, coming up when Tommy was crying too hard to notice him. 'Brace up, young man, and I'll take you home.'

Tommy thought it must be four o'clock when at last they reached home, but it was really one-thirty, and nobody seemed excited in the least about his absence. 'So you're home, are you?' said Aunt Lucy, looking up from the ruffles she was hemming. 'I thought your mamma told you never to stay at Herbert's house without permission. Good boys always run home when dinner is ready.'

'I wasn't at Herbert's. I ran away,' said Tommy, with another burst of tears. 'I'm awful hungry, Aunt Lucy.'

'Ran away! And why did you come back?'

Tommy ran to hide his face in her lap, and presently he was sobbing in her arms. 'We'll have dinner first, and then you can tell me all about it,' said Aunt Lucy, and Tommy was very sorry he had ever called her mean, even in his thoughts. 'Mary made you some lovely little tarts for dinner, but when you didn't come home I told her to give them to Nellie. We didn't save any of the gravy and potatoes, but I'll get you some bread and butter.'

Maybe it sounds odd to little boys and girls to tell them Tommy enjoyed the bread and butter and milk more than he had ever liked candy, but it is true, for he thought he was nearly starved. He ate and ate till he could hold no more, and then told his aunt what he had done all morning.

Aunt Lucy didn't scold a bit when he had finished. She only said, 'The next time you run away, Tommy, you must take a lunch along.'

'I'm not going to run away again,' said Tommy. 'I thought you'd all cry when you found I was gone, but I did the crying. I don't want to be naughty any more.'—'Christian Advocate.'

A Sharp Reproof.

Beth's father had told her not to play in the loft over Kate's stall, because the flooring was loose, and straw and chaff and dust would rattle down on the horse. Besides, there was danger of Beth's falling through.

It was a small loft, the length and width of the stall, its floor forming the ceiling over Old Kate's head. The slanting roof was so low that, except for a few feet in front, Beth could not stand upright.

Straw was littered everywhere, and packed in moldy bunches in the small space in the farther end under the roof. Broken farm tools, bits of harness, odds and ends of old furniture, scraps of iron, cast-off boots and shoes, and even old clothes, seemed to flourish in the moldy atmosphere.

There was no window in the loft, and its dim light came from an opening into the haymow, and a few slanting rays of direct sunshine that shone through cracks and knot-holes at certain hours of the day, thrusting dirty, yellow fingers at remote rubbish piles.

No stairway led to the loft, though when the mow was nearly filled with hay, Beth could step from the hay to the floor of the loft. But during the summer vacation there was never much hay in the barn. Old Kate's stall was divided from the haymow by a board partition that reached to the roof; a hole cut in this at the top opened into the loft.

In this partition there were spaces between the boards, which were nailed crosswise. What better stairway could an active child desire? Beth went up and down with ease, wedging her bare toes into the cracks, and clinging to the boards with sure brown fingers.

One day when Beth was playing that she was a great explorer from Europe, named Bethario, she went to the barn to start on an expedition to the loft. Half way up the partition she remembered that her father did not like to have her play there.

'I'll be careful not to jiggle the boards, and I'll keep away from the holes in the floor,' the young explorer promised herself, and up she went into that delightful country, which no grown person can ever enter, but which springs into being at the approach of the commonest child, out of the very refuse of the earth, if need be, a royal country, where the child heart is king, and the merry men and maids of make-believe are the courtiers.

To Beth the loft was a wonderful territory, bristling with wooded hills and hollowed by fertile valleys. But Beth did jiggle, carefully as she crept about, and the loft snowed straw and chaff and dust on the dark mountain range of Old Kate's mane and over her ears, which she laid back in anger; and the broad plains of her glossy bay back were yellow as with grain, and her wavy black tail looked like an enormous hayseed beginning to sprout.

But when Bethario, the young explorer, had discovered everything, she grew tired of the loft and started down. Barefooted, as usual, she presented to the old horse on the other side of the partition, from time to time, ten dusty scratched toes.

Part way down she paused for a moment to get a better hold with her fingers in a narrow crack above her head, when, suddenly, Beth felt a sharp pain in her feet, and for one breathless, agonized moment her toes were caught as in a vise, and she could not draw them from the crack. The old horse had bitten her.

How she got down she never knew, but she sat for a long time on the floor of the haymow, with her feet wrapped in the folds of her scant skirts, rocking silently back and forth.

For a few minutes her feet hurt dreadfully, for, though the cruel teeth had not drawn blood, they had nipped her toes sharply. But Beth did not cry—what real explorer ever did?—for she was a sturdy little soul and took her punishment without a whimper.

As she was limping from the haymow she noticed the straw on Old Kate's back, and getting a currycomb and brush, cleaned the horse off as far as she could reach; then she dragged a box into the stall, and, standing on that, brushed the horse till her coat shone like satin. Old Kate stood meekly, and even rubbed her nose in a friendly way against Beth's arm, as she worked away at her self-imposed task.

'You really didn't mean to hurt me, I know, Kate,' said Beth, loyally, as she gave the old horse a farewell stroke; 'you jus' wanted me to know that I ought not to jiggle straw and dust on you. Besides, I might have fallen through the floor and hurt myself a good deal worse.'

Beth never climbed to the loft again, and when her playmates teased her to go up, she would always say, 'Kate doesn't want me to;' and if they asked her how she knew, she would reply, 'Kate jus' the same as told me so.'—Epworth 'Herald.'

Little Johnnie Jumpup.

Down in the woods, 'way down in the woods,
Where the shadows are dreamily mellow,
In a little green house at the foot of a hill,
Lives the sauciest little old fellow.

His coat is of purple, with trimmings of gold,
His face is a gleam of the morning;
And he hides down there in his little green house,
With a fronded fern for an awning.

Deep down in the woods, the happy green woods,
Where the shadows are dreamily mellow,
You may stumble some day on a queer little house,
And the jauntiest little old fellow.

And when you have seen how he smiles and he bows,
From the door of his little green dwelling,
You know right away what the great secret is
That wee Johnny Jumpup is telling:

'The spring is abroad; the world is awake,
Old Joy will return with the morrow;
The lily and rose will blossom again
On the grave of the last summer's sorrow.'

—Will Allen Dromgoole, in Nashville 'Banner.'

Temperance

The Drink Curse.

(R. E. L., in 'Alliance News.')

O, sad are the homes which the drink curse
hath smitten,
And changed the sweet cradle song into a
sigh;
Where those of the household the serpent
hath bitten,
And on the cold hearthstones they languish
and die.

O, fierce is the strife with this arch foe of
gladness,
This traffic which thrives on the death of
the soul;
But look up to Him who amid the world's
madness
Doth still all the issues of battle control.

O, sure is the victory for ev'ry brave soldier,
Who, strengthened with virtue, maintains
the long fight;
With Christ as our Leader, our prowess grows
bolder,
Already the triumph of truth is in sight.

Do You See It?

A laboring man leaving a large saloon saw a costly carriage and a pair of horses standing in the front, occupied by two ladies, elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor.

As it rolled away, he said to the dealer:

'Whose carriage is that?'

'It is mine,' replied the dealer, complacently. 'It cost $1,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it.'

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad. Then, with the energy of a man suddenly aroused, he said:

'I see it! I see it!'

'See what?' said the dealer.

'See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage and team and that gold-mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewellery of your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and those of others have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family will have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another coin for drink. I see the mistake—and a cure for it.'—'Temperance Leader.'

A Governor With a Backbone.

It does one good to read the utterances of a public official who dares to say what's what concerning the enforcement of law. It seems like half the battle to have men sworn to enforce the law declare that the law shall be enforced.

Governor Haskell of the new state of Oklahoma, in his Christmas Day address, said:

"They tell you "prohibition won't prohibit." Don't you believe a word of this. When the Legislature has given us a plain, emphatic law, you will see that prohibition does prohibit.

"They will also tell you that it will cost the taxpayers money to enforce this law. Certainly it will, just as it costs the taxpayers money to capture and convict horse thieves or any other criminals, but it won't cost to enforce prohibition five percent of what it will cost to punish crimes, keep orphans, paupers, and criminals that the whisky traffic creates.'

That is the way to talk it. Tell the truth. The liquor traffic is criminal. It is unconstitutional. It is legalized vice. It ought to be put down: It can be put down. It will be put down. Three cheers for the governors who dare say so!—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

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BELL — 7 1-3 octave upright piano, by W. Bell & Co., in ebonized case, with plain engraved panels. Has iron frame, repeating action, Mandolin attachment, ivory and ebony keys, etc., Manufacturer's Price, $325. Sale Price **$205**

WILLIAMS — A Cabinet Grand Upright piano by R. S. Williams, in dark case, with plain polished panels. Has been thoroughly reconstructed and fitted with new hammers and other parts, and is in perfect order. Manufacturer's Price, $350. Sale Price. **$210**

MASON & RISCH—A handsome walnut upright piano by Mason & Risch, 7 1-3 octaves, with engraved and fret border panels. Has trichord overstrung scale, ivory and ebony keys. Has been thoroughly repaired, and is in fine order. Manufacturer's Price, $350. Sale Price **$210**

MENDELSSOHN—A very handsome 7 1-3 octave piano by the Mendelssohn Co., in burl walnut case with full length music desk, carved panels, 3 pedals with muffler, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Used less than a year. Manufacturer's Price, $340. Sale Price, **$238**

NORDHEIMER—A Cabinet Grand Upright piano by Nordheimer, Toronto, in dark mahogany finished case. Has plain panels, full iron frame and overstrung scale, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Manufacturer's Price, $425. Sale Price **$245**

DECKER BROS.—A very fine 7 1-3 octave upright piano by Decker Bros., New York. This instrument by this famous old firm of piano manufacturers is one of the finest used pianos that has come in to us for some time. It is in ebonized case of plain design, with plain polished panels. Has a splendid action, and fine, musical tone. Original price, $550. Sale Price... .. .. **$263**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A very handsome mahogany upright piano by Gerhard Heintzman, with full length plain panel and music desk. Has iron frame, double repeating action, trichord overstrung scale, ivory and ebony keys, etc., Manufacturer's Price, $425. Sale Price **$268**

HEINTZMAN & CO.—A very handsome Heintzman & Co. piano, the 'Grand' in upright form style.' Has been very little used. Has been entirely repolished, regulated and adjusted so that it cannot be told from new. Manufacturer's Price, $500. Sale Price .. **$283**

MASON & RISCH—A very exceptional style of this well-known make of piano, a large upright grand in very beautiful walnut case with walnut panels of unusually fine figure. Case handsomely finished in Colonial style. The interior of the piano is in absolutely perfect order, and the piano in every respect is just like new. Height 4 ft. 11 in. Manufacturer's Price, $600. Sale PRICE **$305**

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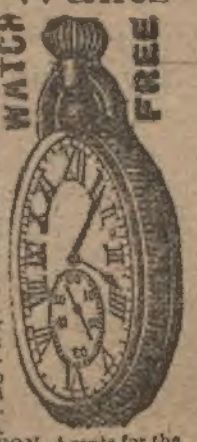

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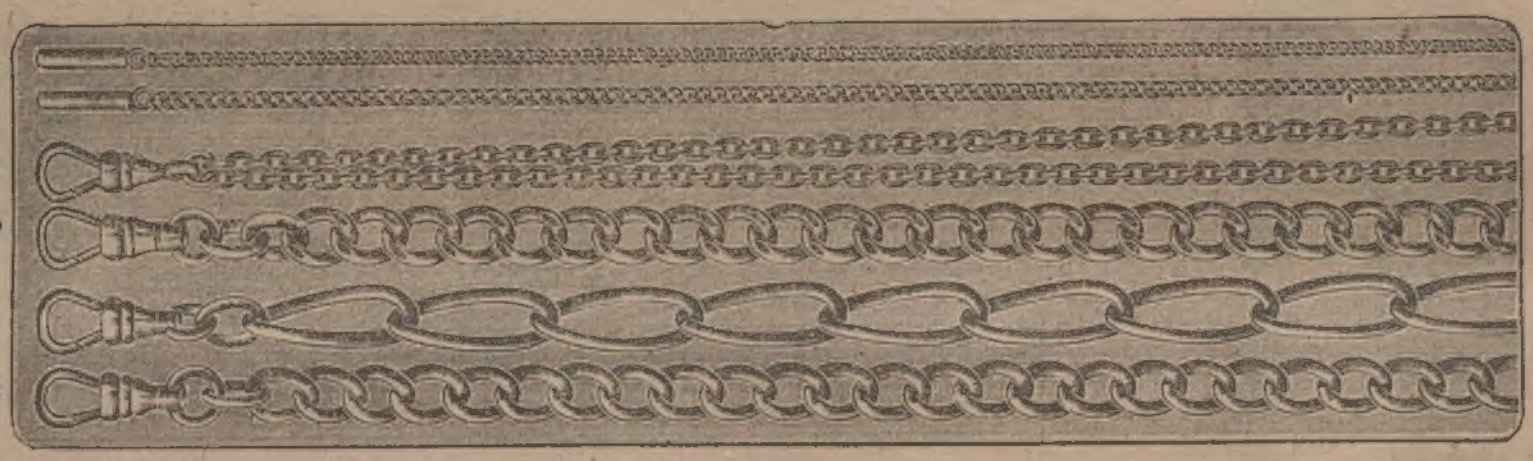

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